THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I PRESUME it is in literature, as in all other modes of amusement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life: the important personages who represent the kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on those petty actors who personate servants and messengers; while he, whose most exalted business is to deliver a letter with a respectful bow, despises most cordially the whole gang of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers. In other departments of life the same gradations prevail as among "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." A merchant, whose vessels are forwarded to their destined ports by every wind that blows, who sees on his table the produce of the Eastern and the Western Indies, and who can jocosely boast of his farms in either hemisphere, casts a supercilious eye on the industrious trader who subsists by retailing these valuable commodities: he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by those petty dealers who preside over a chandler's shop; while the chandler's clerk contemns the travelling pedler whose whole possessions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one universal chain of subordination pervades the whole of society, and the connecting links are not more easily distinguishable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Isaac Newton than in every particular class and order into which the human species is reducible. Authours, no doubt, preserve the same proportionable distinctions; and the important compiler of a folio scoffs at the witling whose labours can be comprised in an octavo or duodecimo; while he who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however small, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiours. Thus even a diurnal or weekly essayist may fancy himself superiour to the nursling of the muses, who ventures an occasional sonnet in The Port Folio, or who sends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newspaper.

There is, however, a class of writers for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate station; men who occasionally display in small compositions, every talent requisite to adorn the sublimest; who are capable of involving an apparently clear subject in metaphorical obscurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry; some who, in the compass of twelve or fourteen lines, display a co-

pious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language; others, who, satisfied with the intrinsick merit of the subject of their labours, content themselves with displaying its utility in specifick terms of elegant and affecting simplicity. I have myself bestowed infinite attention on the compositions of this class of authours. To describe half the merits I have discovered in them, would fill a folio of no common size. Let not, therefore, these my worthy brethren suppose, that because my essays, small as they are, are more bulky than theirs, I rashly imagine myself their superiour. No! no! I flatter myself that I am too good a judge of intellectual merit, and well know that wit is not to be appreciated by weight or bulk; for there is often greater talents displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to reserve this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill; and though I may not enumerate more than one of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not others who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness of their merits, but rather let them, with me, lament that want of leisure which the present time will not afford for further extending my commendations.

A few days since I picked up a newspaper with the following advertisement: from the singular modesty with which this is introduced, it scarcely arrests the eye in the same manner as more splendid advertisements; it does, however, sufficiently partake of their nature to be pronounced of that class of writing; and I shall not scruple to declare it one of their brightest specimens, though simply called

A HINT.

"Any person nicely sensible, irritable, hypochondriacal, hysterical; or who, again, is dyspeptick, hepatical, splenetick, gouty, paralytick, rheumatick, of an evil habit of body, scorbutick, asthmatick, dropsical, corpulent, bloated, yellow, flabby; or otherwise, thin, dry, and rigid; who (harrassed with spasms, cramps, wind, hickups, belchings, acidity, distracting dreams, depressing thoughts, and sleepless nights) is uneasy, anxious, low, wandering, dissatisfied; who without being able to present an adequate cause or reason, fears fevers of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who thence dread to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmost confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) case, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, surgeon and apothecary, at Rigate, Surry, for advice, and (*deo lubente et juvante*) relief. Letters may be sent, post free. See Mr. Rymer's Tract, price 1*s*. upon indigestion, hypochondriacism, gout, &c. sold by Evans, Paternoster-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-street; No. 63, Bishopsgate-street, within where may be had by the same authour, "*Physiological Conjectures relative to certain Functions of the animal Economy*," price 1*s*."

All compositions, of whatever size and extent, usually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteristick, no one can hesitate in pronouncing this to bear the stamp of peculiar modesty. I own that I was more immediately struck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the singular humility of Mr. Rymer's address, than with his unequalled display of erudition.

PHILANTUS.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

That mingled good and evil which pervades all the principles and events of this world, confounds the reasonings of the most considerate and perplexes the desires of the most sagacious. The dull monotony of common-place sensations, which indicates rather the absence of want of feeling, than the lively activity of vigorous sentiment, may wear away life with little occasion of self-reproach, but

with still less of self-gratulation: it is like the relaxed wire of an instrument, which though struck by a master's hand, and though it may be seen to vibrate, yields no perceptible note: it is like the stagnant pond whose waters however impelled preserve their dead level, and having no outlet indicate no tendency but that of regaining their equilibrium in the shortest time possible. Who wishes to resemble such characters?

But the opposite extreme has disadvantages equally dangerous. A mind easily agitated, a rapid and lively conception, a creative fancy, a vigorous intellect, an extensive comprehension of objects, a just appreciation of their excellencies; whatever constitutes genius, whatever manifests taste, whether it dazzle in the blaze of elocution, or astonish in the thunder of rhetorick, alas, it is accompanied by passions so violent, and propensities so overbearing, that like a wire overstretched, the slightest vibration snaps it: like a cataract, it rushes with accumulating velocity adown that precipice whence it falls into the fathomless gulf below.

The province of Education is, to correct the imperfections of nature, to impart a modest confidence to the timid, by a conviction of competent ability: but to check the sallies of the vehement, and to restrain the advances of the forward: to prevent passion from getting the start of reason, and to gain time for attention to the gentle admonitions of prudence. It is the placid Minerva, who descends from heaven to restrain the violent Achilles;

While half unsheath'd appears the glittering blade,
She whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

What then is the situation of that youth who deriving from nature intellectual powers of no ordinary description, with all that eagerness of temper which accompanies them, has never been benefited by the soothing lessons of education, but inflamed by parental indulgence; never taught to pause, and by pausing to detect and abandon errour, but impelled by native impetuosity, and flattering himself that all is well, he boldly perseveres till the brink of the precipice sinks beneath his feet,

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

The errours of genius are notorious as well as lamentable, and ever will the superficial inspector wish, and repeat his wishes, for a combination of the virtues attendant on mental powers of the first order—without their vices. IT IS OTHERWISE ORDAINED: various causes may promote one and restrain the other, but an entire separation is not to be expected, till

Earth repossesses what to man she gave,
And the free spirit mounts on wings of fire.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. He was born Jan. 13, O. S. 1749. His father early discovered in him striking tokens of genius and abilities, and being himself in office, his son was gradually initiated into the management of business, and saw at least the routine of it, in his boyish days. There are not wanting those who affirm that he read his father's despatches, at the same period as he amused himself with spining his top; and that, on one occasion, after having perused a very long letter written with Lord Holland's own hand, he discovered his opinion of its contents by committing it to the fire!—His father, who never contradicted him, and possibly too was sensible of the justness of the verdict, patiently wrote another. Lord Holland was esteemed a sagacious character; but, of what advantage was parental sagacity, if he never controled the excentricities of those to whom its admonitions were due? Tutors and governours indeed were called into attendance, but self-government was an accomplishment which young Fox never learned. Whatever could be purchased from hirelings was purchased: but how small a proportion of the complete gentleman can hireling instruction communicate?

The temper of Charles was forward, predominant, vehement; at the same

time it was open, candid, and manly. He was thought fit to take the lead, and the lead he readily took. His opinion was expected, and he frankly gave his opinion. All were supposed to notice him, and he dashed into notice, *ex animo*. He was educated at Westminster and at Eton, where he obtained distinction: his studies were not severe: his happy genius, and retentive memory, enabled him to acquire advantages for which others are beholden to labour. From Eton he went to Oxford, where his stay was not long: whence, his father, impatient to behold him a man of consequence, sent him over Europe, to make what was called the Grand Tour. There can be no doubt, but many advantages attended that rational intercourse with continental courts, and foreign statesmen, which was offered by the Grand Tour. It afforded many opportunities of observation, it admitted those who were capable of profiting by the privilege to an insight into the characters of men, and they were usually men of ability, whose manner of discharging the duties of their important employments, was well calculated to impress and improve the youthful mind. But it also afforded opportunities of the most flagrant licentiousness, and being performed at that period of life, when the blood boils in the veins of youth: it became the means by which many thoughtless English heirs were ruined in body, mind, and outward estate. Among this number was Charles Fox, who had disencumbered himself of his patrimony before he had attained the age of manhood. Precocious in every thing, a fribble to excess in dress, and appearance, an adventurer without reserve, at dice and cards; always a leader, and usually a loser too. The last bill drawn on Lord Holland, by his sons, was from Naples, for a debt of honour, value 36,000*l*. Nor could they stir till this was paid.

Returned to England, Mr. Fox was, when under twenty-one years of age, admitted into the House of Commons, as representative for the borough of Midhurst. The expectations formed from his talents caused this irregularity to be overlooked; and thus was he placed in the very post of honour, in the very pathway of ambition. At a time of life when others are supposed to have acquired barely wisdom enough to govern themselves, he was understood to possess sufficient to govern the nation. And he meant that his governing spirit should be known: unused to meet rebuffs, he thundered at those who opposed him, stood forward as the champion of ministry, vindicated the famous election of col. Luttrell for Middlesex, and derided Johnny Wilkes and his partisans, with all the powers of his lungs, laughter, and eloquence. Never will the excess in which he indulged himself, never will the appellation "scum of the earth," which he liberally bestowed on the freeholders of Middlesex, be forgotten. In return, he was told, that the *scum* would ever be uppermost, that the "Young Cub," was not yet Old Reynard, and that French taylors never made English statesmen. His family interest, and his personal talents procured him a seat at the board of Admiralty; he was here a junior, but being denied the influence of a senior, he resigned in disgust: he was a second time appointed, but was now removed to the treasury, where he differed in opinion with the premier, and was dismissed. He could not preside, and he would not submit; but being restive his name was *omitted*, in Lord North's phrase, from a new commission for managing that department of state. He was now about 25 years of age: extremely corpulent in person: notorious for his amours, addicted to the extremes of what was called fashion; and he even disgraced the honest plainness of the English character by the coxcombry of wearing *red* heels to his shoes, with every other mark of the *petit maitre:*

Bien poudré, bien frisé, tout â fait un Marquis.

His time was devoted to the gaming-table; he played at the clubs, till credit was banished, and *ready money* was enacted to be *indispensable*. His con-

nexions were extensive among the money-lending Jews; and when the old arts of obtaining were exhausted, his ingenuity in devising new, was the admiration of his associates. Ever forward, the leader, the head, the precursor of his companions, he was distinguished no less by the intrepidity of his career, than by the superiority of his intellect.

But the superiority of his intellect did not always secure Mr. Fox from being a dupe to the arts of others; report attached to him the incident of having designed to repair his ruined fortunes, by marriage with a West-Indian lady of immense value! pointed out to him by a kind lady-guardian, but, unluckily, *not visible today!* His benevolent introductress hoped for better fortune on the morrow; on the morrow he was again at his post, "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow," but, an unwelcome inflammation in the eyes! rendered an interview impossible. This delusion was at length dissipated by the officers of justice recognising an old acquaintance in the lady who *was* visible, and who, it afterwards appeared, under the sanction of intimacy among the nobility, "witness a certain chariot which might be seen in attendance, day after day, for hours together, at her residence," had advertised "Places at Court, to be disposed of." A scene in a comedy of Foote's commemorates this incident.

Being dismissed from the treasury, Mr. Fox entered the lists of opposition; and here he soon was leader. His talents were of the first order in debate; he excelled every speaker in discovering the weaknesses of his antagonist's arguments. He could set the minister's propositions in so many different lights, gradually deprive them of what reasonings they might justly claim: supply them with suppositious arguments, confute these, and so thoroughly embarrass the whole, that the minister could scarcely recognise his own offspring, swaddled as it was in the envelops with which Mr. Fox had disguised it. It was now that among the opponents of the American war, Mr. Fox acquired popularity; and he deserved it, if unwearied efforts, unlimited vehemence of debate, and a manly soundness of judgment, could deserve it: but he passed many years in attack before the fortress of government submitted to the besiegers. Lord North was, certainly, not the minister required by the times in which it was his lot to conduct the state: yet the violence of Mr. Fox rendered it unsafe for Lord North to resign, and he held his situation, not so much to despite his antagonist as to secure himself. But the defences of ministry were gradually weakened, till at length the opposition became the stronger party, and the leaders of the *outs* burst into the Cabinet. Mr. Fox was appointed Secretary of State, and found the advantage of an early acquaintance with business: he conducted the affairs of his office with dignity and despatch. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham was a mean of dissolving this ministry, and the reigns of government were committed to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. Mr. Fox went out; but quickly forming the famous coalition with Lord North, whose principles he had formerly reprobated, without modesty or reservation, and whose head he had repeatedly threatened in the most opprobrious terms, he again rose to power. But the spirit of the British nation was offended; this union of parties, formerly so embittered against each other, was thought to be unnatural; and the opinion, or rather, the feeling of the people abhorred the connexion. Sensible that he was not now the man of the people, neither was he truly the man of the King, he meditated a continuation in power independent of both people and King, and such, it is probable, would have been the issue had his famous India bill become a law: the additional patronage which that included, would have been the impregnable bulwark of his permanence. We pretend not to know in what light he described this bill to his Majesty; but it is certain that other of his Majesty's friends described it very dif-

ferently, and the bill was stifled in the House of Lords in a manner entirely unusual. In the event, the King threw himself on his people, his people supported their King; and the parliament, then governed by Mr. Fox, was almost wholly renovated. Mr. Fox and his fellow ministers having resigned, of course, he resumed his station at the head of the opposition. Here he did many essential services to his country; some propositions he caused to be new modified: some few he happily set aside, and many a hint which induced caution, if nothing more, did Mr. Pitt receive from his acute discrimination. On the question of the regency, the opinion of the publick was with Mr. Pitt: and the doctrines of Mr. Fox were not popular in the nation. Mr. Fox varied them once or twice, by which he lost time; and never was any man more completely a dupe to his own artifice, than he was in proposing a reexamination of the Royal Patient by the consulting physicians. The loss of this opportunity was the loss of the whole object; time was gained; the Royal Patient recovered, to the infinite joy of his subjects, whose steady conduct during the painful interval ought never to be mentioned without applause, and to the disappointment, so far as their admission to power was in question, of Mr. Fox and his friends who had indulged expectations.

Mr. Fox displayed his good opinion of the French revolution without reserve, in its earliest stages; he even ventured to predict glorious events as arising from it: but events discredited his predictions, and there can be no doubt that he felt much regret at the character which that sanguinary convulsion afterwards assumed. His quarrel with Mr. Burke, in consequence of his separation from that political father, must, unquestionably, have been painful; for Mr. Fox, though ambitious, had not suffered ambition to destroy the sentiments of friendship. Mr. B. maintained a hauteur which affected a superiority over his friend, and effectually precluded their reconciliation. Mr. Fox took occasion, after a long contest with Mr. Pitt, as he said, fruitlessly, to secede from his place in the House: this step has been loudly blamed: certainly it showed that he thought little of the importance attached to a member of the *Wittenagemote* of the country, wherein no individual can tell what importance may arise out of his advice and opinion. But this secession was precisely in character for a man who affected the power of a dictator, and because he could not dictate would not condescend to advise. Whether Mr. Fox might have come into office when Mr. Pitt went out, and the present Lord Sidmouth became minister, or at *any time since*, we cannot affirm. Perhaps the terms that were offered were unfit for his acceptance: perhaps he could not consistently with his veracity and honour accept them: be that as it might, his way to power was not clear till death had deprived the country of Mr. Pitt's services: when the Prince of Wales in recommending a ministerial arrangement, included Mr. Fox. He held the place of Secretary of State for a few months, and was barely settled in office when he died.

In estimating the character of a minister, the good he has done must guide our opinion, but the character of an oppositionist must be estimated by the evil he has prevented: always provided that the measures pursued to effect that prevention be legal and commendable. How far this proviso applies to the mission of Mr. Adair into Russia for the purpose of counteracting Mr. Pitt's negociations there, we cannot tell. The whole of the facts in that case are not before the publick. We have already stated that the advantages which the nation in a domestick point of view derived from the opposition of Mr. Fox, were considerable; and the liberal principles which he professed in religion, in trade, &c. procured him many adherents. Nor was he destitute of friends; and when his circumstances were reduced beyond recovery, a number of these effected an unsaleable annuity

on his life, which rendered his latter days comfortable.

Mr. Fox was allied by birth, or by connexion, with many of our noblest families: but his character was formed by himself, and by circumstances. His father had been an opponent of Wm. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and this opposition descended to their sons.

Each of the fathers, too, had trained up his son with unlimited attention and expense, had infused the principles of ambition in their strongest forms into his youthful mind, had prepared him for the high station he was intended to occupy, and thus neither could bear a rival. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* was the motto which each might have adopted;—but Mr. Fox was not destined to be Cæsar.

Had Lord Holland been a popular character instead of being branded and petitioned against as a "publick defaulter;" had his son been introduced much later into publick life, had he tempered his vivacity by sober reflection, instead of heating his blood by liquors, and his mind by the chances of the dice; had he taken his due station at first, instead of insisting on guiding affairs before he was well acquainted with them, and had he waited till experience had qualified him in the eyes of others as well as in his own, Mr. Fox MUST have been the first man in the state, and probably would have shone in the pages of our history, with a steady illumination of glory, not unequal to that of our most honoured Statesmen.

Those talents would have been developed in the man, which could only be budding in the youth: and who was bound to submit to embryo abilities? If ever there was a character thrown away in early life, by being prematurely urged into publicity, Charles Fox was that character: if ever the most valuable gifts of nature were rendered unavailing by notorious dissipation, and want of morals, they were those bestowed on Charles Fox: if ever any ambition was constantly deluded by hope, but hope, evanescent and fleeting, it was the ambition of this eminent statesman: he was permitted to touch authority, but not to grasp it: he wore it for an instant, but could not call it his own; and when, apparently, he might have continued to enjoy it, he was seated in office, not to give importance to his life, but dignity to his death: his friends were called to lament his loss, while his country, looking wistfully around for the services he had performed, rested her hopes on those which she gave him credit for the ability of performing.

MORTUARY.

The ensuing pathetick and well written article, was published in the Gazette of the United States. We suspect that it is the production of the ingenious Editor of that valuable Journal. Whoever is the authour, it is alike honourable to his head and his heart.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of one melodious tear;
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the DAY STAR in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high
Through the dear might of HIM THAT WALK'D THE WAVES,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

MILTON.

Distressing Event.—On the first of April, about a mile from this city, the New Castle Packet Tryphena (on board of which had taken passage for Baltimore, a young gentleman from Boston, by the name of Brimmer) was nearly overset by a sudden flaw of wind, but on her righting, the violence of the motion threw from her deck the gentleman abovementioned. Trusting probably to his skill in swimming, he,

while in the water, disencumbered himself from his great coat, hat, and neck handkerchief, and made immediately for the shore; but the exertions already undergone, the weight of his boots and other articles of clothing, probably rendered his endeavours unavailing, as was unhappily every effort made from the vessel for his preservation. Thus in one fatal moment was snatched from life a young man of the highest promise, justly beloved and respected by all who knew him, idolized by his particular connexions, of affluent fortune, frank and engaging manners; in the bloom of manly grace and beauty, with the world smiling before him, is he now called from the shifting scene. Long will his memory be cherished by those who have only known him transiently; what then must be the heart-rending grief of their hearts who are yet to learn the sad tidings; those to whom he is endeared not only by his own deserts but by the ties of kindred and affection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the "*Herald of Minerva*," published monthly, in Philadelphia, by William P. Farrand.

The publisher begs leave to present this summary of book and literary intelligence as a gratuity to his own correspondents. He has been led to the publishing of this paper, with a view to supply them with a species of information relative to new publications and new editions of books, which otherwise, he thinks, they could not easily acquire, and which many reasons incline him to believe will be highly acceptable.

The plan adopted for the purposes abovementioned, is to devote the first four pages to remarks, general and particular, though always brief, on publications that are new or particularly interesting to American readers. In this department will be given some account of the contents of books, of their size, their mechanical execution, and price; and particular notice of the improvements introduced into American editions, which often render them more valuable than those which are imported. With equal promptitude shall notice be given of any unwarrantable mutilations of books, whereby the expressions of authours may have been cancelled and so altered as to render the sentiments contained in them no longer their own. The reprinting of old European editions, heretofore not unfrequent, shall also be pointed out with particular care. In short, it is our intention to present our readers, who have not a convenient opportunity of examining new publications, with a brief account of their authours, contents, size, price, typography, and every other help that will assist them in forming an accurate opinion for themselves, for the usefulness and value of the book.

The fifth and sixth pages of the paper will be devoted to Literary Intelligence. Under this head the publisher thinks an extensive correspondence on the continent of Europe, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and the assistance of several literary friends, will enable him to introduce many very valuable articles of book and literary intelligence. He also invites publishers in the United States to forward their proposals.

The seventh and eighth pages will be devoted to advertising purposes.

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Two Greeks, the brothers Zozima, are applying part of their fortune towards a new edition of the ancient Greek classicks from Homer down to the time of the Ptolemies, under the superintendence of their countryman Coray. This collection, which is to be printed in Paris by Didot, is intended for such of their countrymen as wish to learn the ancient language of their forefathers. It will be delivered gratis in Greece to diligent scholars and active teachers; and a considerable discount will be allowed to such wealthy patrons of learning as buy copies for the purpose of presenting them to poor students.

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The imperial printing establishment at Paris affords constant employment for 400 workmen, besides a

number of women, who fold and stitch the pamphlets and laws printed there.

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The Literary Panorama.

The first number of this periodical work appeared in England in January last. It contains 250 large royal pages. The knowledge we have of the character of several gentlemen who are connected with the Panorama, leads us to form high expectations of its future excellence. It is the largest periodical work now published in any country, and we presume our expectations, as to its superiour excellence, accord with the general opinion in Great-Britain. We add the following advertisement, published with the first number:

"The object of this work is not to add another to the vehicles of *mere* amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of CULTIVATED TASTE, with the earliest records of USEFUL DISCOVERIES, in every science; and whether an invention or improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

" A principal part of our review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of foreign publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our number will comprise publick and official papers; reports from our agents abroad; translations from foreign communications, publick and private; proceedings of learned societies, and other laudable institutions; literary intelligence of works in hand, or in the press; lists of books published; to these will be added, novelties in the polite world, in the fine arts, in articles of taste and elegance; and, generally, communications."

The fourth volume of that eccentrick work, the Lounger's Commonplace Book, is in preparation.

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Mr. Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson is ready for the press: he has been assisted greatly by some valuable MSS. of the late Mr. Whalley.

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The London booksellers are engaged in bringing out a translation of Cicero's works, which will be sold separately as well as collectively.

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Mr. Northmore has nearly completed an epick poem, of ten books, upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time; it is entitled, *Washington*, or *Liberty Restored*, and, exclusive of the imagery, is entirely founded upon historical records.

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Lord Woodhouseler has written, and will shortly publish, the Life of the late Lord Kames.

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J. Gifford and H. R. York, Esqrs. have in great forwardness the History of the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, which will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

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Mr. Cumberland and Sir James Bland Burgess, have, in conjunction, written a poem, of which, report speaks highly; entitled the *Exodiad*, embracing the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt, to his death upon Mount Horeb. The work was to appear in England in the month of January.

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Mr. C. Taylor, London, publishes a work, denominated Records of Literature, domestick and foreign. It is said to be the most complete literary register extant. It exhibits a comprehensive survey of the state of letters under the following sections: 1. Correct information relative to works announced: 2. A clear and concise account of works published, with occasional abstracts or extracts: 3. The prizes proposed and distributed by learned societies: 4. A literary Necro-

logy. In short, this work is intended to form an Epitome of the Literature of the World. No. 3 is published.

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Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, "Lectures on Church History, by George Campbell, D. D." To which is annexed his "Essay on Miracles." Hopkins & Co.

The lectures of Dr. Campbell on Ecclesiastical History are in all respects worthy of their distinguished authour. They were read by him for a number of years to the students in theology of the college in which he was principal. Before they were printed, their publication was considered, both by the doctor's pupils and by other men of science, as an important desideratum in literature and divinity; and since they have been published they have been much read in all parts of England and Scotland. A difference in theological opinions has produced, in this as in other instances, a different estimation of the degree of reliance which ought to be placed on the historical statements contained in this work: but by all competent judges it is admitted to be a work of deep learning and of much candour, which every person, whose studies are directed to the subject on which it treats, ought to examine with care and attention, and from which the most important information may be acquired. To this it may certainly be added with truth, that the reading will be productive of no ordinary degree of pleasure; for the Doctor has found the art of rendering his historical narrative in the highest degree entertaining and interesting. This he has affected not by mingling a variety of different subjects with each other, but by taking up each separately, and pursuing it in an undisturbed discussion till it is completed.

With this American edition of the Lectures, the publisher has connected the Doctor's far-famed essay on Miracles—a work which has ever been considered as the most able reply to the most insidious attack that was ever made on the Christian faith. Perhaps, indeed, there is no other example of controversy on any subject in which so complete and decisive a victory has been gained over an ingenious antagonist, as Dr. Campbell has in this essay obtained over Mr. Hume.

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Dr. Aikin observes in his Athenæum, No. 2, that Mr. Janson, who has lately returned from America, has brought with him many interesting materials towards furnishing a complete survey of the state of society and manners in that country; which will speedily appear in one 4to. volume, accompanied with a number of engravings. The editor has just received a letter from Mr. Janson stating many particulars, as to his work. He first proposed to publish it in a periodical form, but has determined to publish it in one volume, which he calls "The Stranger in America."

Mr. J. informs us that in his work "much is said of Philadelphia, and many publick characters in the United States are introduced," also "that he does not expect it will be reprinted in the United States, because he has mentioned truths which should not at all times be told." Our readers will probably conclude Mr. Janson intends to make it a good *British* book.

LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

Proposals are issued for publishing by —— & Co. New York, a new Biographical Dictionary, containing an accurate detail of the most illustrious catalogue of scoundrels who have flourished since the deluge: the following are among the most prominent characters: Itinerant Quack-Doctors, Empiricks in literature, Liars, Jacobins, Pickpockets, Highwaymen, and Democratick Editors. This work will be comprised in two folio volumes, printed with an entire new type, founded at the works near Hell-Gate, on a vellum hot-pressed wire-wove paper, with a rivulet of margin, meandring through a meadow of text, embellished with striking portraits. The au-

thour cherishes the fondest hopes of success from the liberal patronage, already experienced from a multitude of our most exalted men in office, viz. Members of Congress, Governours, Senators, Constables, Collectors, &c. &c. all of whom have evinced the most laudable solicitude for its completion.

N. B. A prospectus of the work in question shall be forwarded to W. D. Philadelphia, with a request to give them an extensive circulation through Virginia, &c.

Illustrative hints, scandalous anecdotes, atrocities and apostasies of every kind, addressed to the authour, will be most gratefully received, and the postage willingly paid. The authour being determined to demonstrate the truth of the old apothegm, "That good shall come cut of evil."

ALSO,

A supplementary volume, containing the lives of the most omnipotent Dunces, leaden-pated Fools, political Idiots, religious Enthusiasts, Justices of the Peace &c. &c.

This work will certainly overflow with interesting matter, the materials being chiefly local, and very abundant.

It shall appear in a thick republican octavo, printed on foolscap paper, bound in calf unlettered.

AMERICANUS.

—

For The Port Folio.

A wild Irish editor had the misfortune, some time since, to understand, that, by the carelessness of a drayman, a couple of casks of his favourite liquor were staved to pieces. The baleful news reached his ears just as he was humming over a popular song—

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?

In a fit of abstraction, occasioned by the grief of parting with *Nantz*, he broke out to the astonished 'prentices in the Aurora-office:

Devils! I have lost my gin,
Have you seen my brandy?
The julap of each jacobin,
The bliss of Napper Tandy.

Never shall I soundly snore,
Until their returning,
All my drunken joys are o'er,
And I must mope till morning.

I for gin my home forsook,
To set my blood a mounting,
Left my types, my wife, and book,*
And hied me to the Fountain.

Whither is my liquor flown?
Devils, tell me whither;
Ah! wo is me—the gin is gone
Forever and forever.

But yonder see some grog appear,
Grog for which I languish;
Its potent fumes my spirits cheer,
And dissipate my anguish.

Whether the reader of the above parody will be edified or amused by it, is very uncertain. But he cannot fail to be charmed with the graceful simplicity of the original:

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
The pride of every shady grove
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, and crook,
Green wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning.
All the joys of life are o'er,
And mirth is chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer gone?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! wo is me, I fear she's gone,
Forever and forever.

But yonder see the nymph appear,
Her for whom I languish;
Her heavenly smiles my spirits cheer,
And dissipate my anguish.

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* He was engaged at that time in editing a treatise entitled an Account of some Curious Phenomena in the *Polar* regions, by Pulaski *Straddle*, a *Polish* Knight, the very *Pole* Star of the malecontents in *Poland*.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

On Monday arrived in town, from the City of Washington, the Hon. David Montague Erskine, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, with his Lady and family.

The Critical Reviewers, speaking of the speech of Mr. Randolph on a motion for the nonimportation of British merchandize pending the present disputes between Great Britain and America, declare, that it is highly deserving the perusal of an Englishman, as it is an uncommon specimen of American candour, as it leaves behind all the sophistical rags and tatters with which the *frauds* of the American neutralists are covered, and treats the menaces of *American hostilities* with DESERVED CONTEMPT. The sentiments of this speech would do honour to any statesman of any age or any country. As an oration, it is irregular and desultory; but as the effusion of the moment, it is highly creditable to the head and heart of the speaker.

It seems necessary to notice an occurrence of considerable importance, which has recently taken place in the country to which these remarks relate; which occurrence is no less than an accusation of treason, preferred by one of the Attornies General of the United States, against Mr. Aaron Burr, who, as the publick will recollect, was lately Vice President of that country. From the accounts which have reached this country, it would appear that Burr, who is a man of great ambition, and of talents and courage equal thereto, had formed a scheme, which scheme he was actually preparing to put in practice, for separating the Western from the Eastern part of that immense country called the United States, and to erect a kingly government in the Western part, of which he himself intended to be king. In this project, viewing it with a mere philosophical eye, I see nothing more objectionable, than the novel circumstance of there being a king of the name of Aaron; for, it is impossible for any man to make me believe, that the Western States will remain, or can remain, for ten years at the utmost, members of the Confederation. Separated from the inhabited part of the Eastern States, (or, speaking more properly, perhaps, the Atlantick States) by an almost impassable wilderness of more than four hundred miles across; having their outlet to the sea by a channel nowhere communicating with the Atlantick States; pursuing the same sort of traffick as the Atlantick States, and driving a trade to the same markets; under these circumstances, the Western States must necessarily be rivals of the Atlantick States, and the two sets of States must feel, with respect to each other, as rivals for gain generally feel. And, to check the effects of this feeling, there is wanting in America that *attachment to country*, which sometimes operates so powerfully in other parts of the world, and which has its foundation in circumstances of which a native American has no practical idea. Mr. Burr *may* fail; but I am not the man to say he will fail; and if he does, some other man will not: at any rate, the separation must take place, and when it does take place, it will astonish me if that which is now called the Federal Government should long remain in existence. *Lon. Pap.*

Dr. Caustick, who is constantly breaking his jokes on politicians, fops, &c. has lately become so undiscriminating in his satirical attacks, as not even to spare the defenceless (we had almost said naked) bosoms of the fair. We confess the doctor deserves a volley of *fair* frowns for such stoical disregard of politeness to the sex. But

just to give the ladies a caution not to expose themselves too *unguardedly* to the attacks of such unmerciful old fellows, we republish from the *Weekly Inspector*

A CRACKER,

Fulminated from the Garret of Dr. Caustick.

The following satirical stricture on the modern dress or rather undress of our fashionables, is vastly unpolite, and it was not without great difficulty that we could prevail on ourselves to give it a place. But as it is our duty, as Sub. Inspector, to bestow an occasional glance at the petty peccadillos of the fair; we are determined, at the risk of our reputation as a lady's man, to circulate it in a

WHISPER.

"Ah! do not then so wildly dare!
Ah! do not risk a sure defeat!
My fair philosophers beware,
Dread, dread the power of *latent heat!*

"You should appear within the lists,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, like quondam knight—
The war is not a war of fists,
Yet ye, like bruisers, strip to fight.

"The bruiser stunn'd by many a blow,
Falls prostrate, but is seldom slain;
With *mortal* weapons, man, your foe,
Strikes and *you never rise again.**

"Then quick! each outwork quick replace!
In maiden armour take the field!
Nought *naked* save your conquering face;
Who can resist it?—All must yield.

"But if you raze, instead of rear,
Your bulwark, I must, should you frown,
Just WHISPER in each female ear—
You mean not to defend the town.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman returned from India, inquiring of Jack Bannister respecting a man who had been hanged after he left England, was told that he was dead. "And did he continue in the *grocery line?*" said the former.—"Oh no," replied Jack, "he was quite in a *different line* when he died."

General Fitzpatrick, being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "*The Stage Coach*, sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, sir," says the general, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger.*"

* "*And sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Say shall the Heathen Gods debate,
Whether 'tis nobler in their statues
To stand exposed, to women's sneers,
Or by concealment end them?

Parody of Addison, by MYSELF.

SIR,

I am one of a Christian Society in this city, which has long been known by the title of Free Masons, whence derived, however, I am not at liberty to inform you, but as I am confident of the liberality of your sentiments, I know you will be pleased with an instance I am going to give you of ours. Ecce signum.

No better bond of love was ever given,
Than that, which Christians have received from Heaven:
Let Christians then, that noble work extend,
And be to Turk and Infidel the friend!
But We as Masons have a higher view,
Not only loving, but converting too.
Sublime that thought, which coming from above,
At first united men in bonds of love.
And shall not we such high-drawn counsel take,
And ere we seek a friend a convert make?
The Jews, the Turks who wander in our land,
Receive Salvation's *secret* at our hand.
So other breasts masonick truth have known
And our immortal glory breathes in stone.
As We with lowly heart our prayers preferred,
The heathen gods, themselves, looked down and heard;
And as before the great Apollo's shrine
We bent the knee, and raised the hymn divine,
His nobler thought received Devotion's fire,
And with ecstatick joy he struck the lyre.
Enraptured by his love, tho' every tongue
Cry shame, *We put our magick apron on.*
Thus is the heathen god united to our band,
We boast this true conversion in our land.
But not alone was great Apollo blest,
For all the gods had heard and would be drest.
We, thus enshrin'd, within that sacred dome,
Hold equal empire with the arts of Rome.
"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"
Should native genius try her humble part,

The nation would approve, a few adore,
Our fam'd insignia still will *go before;*
For who 's the artist that would dare remove
That emblem of masonick truth and love,
Or rob the gods, so modestly attired,
Of what the men designed, and all admir'd!

A MASON.

For The Port Folio.

SORROW.

While yet a child, in playful mood,
I gathered pebbles in a wood,
Before my eyes a phantom stood,
That struck me with surprise;
It seemed a woman, in her air
Were marks of sadness and despair,
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,
And tears had dimmed her eyes;
Wild was her mien, her head was crown'd
With drooping willows, and around
Her gloomy brows was cypress bound;
Disordered was her hair.
The robe was sackcloth that she wore,
She, in her hands a goblet bore,
With bitter waters flowing o'er,
The waters of despair.
'Twas Sorrow;—on my infant head
Her leaden hand the Goddess laid,
"Be thou a child of mine," she said,
"Let sorrow cloud thy days!"
She made me taste the bitter bowl,
I felt the waters chill my soul;
"Thee with my vot'ries I enrol,
Forsake thy childish plays."
She said; and I forgot my joys,
I dropped my pebbles and my toys,
Forsook the gambols of the boys,
Nor joined their petty strife.
And still, with my increasing years,
Increased my sorrows and my fears,
And I've bedewed my path with tears
In every stage of life.

ANNIUS.

For The Port Folio.

Vernal address to —— at Coldenham, New-York.

How shall I greet thee, changeful Spring,
Clad in thy variegated vest?
Now, borne on Zephyr's sportive wing,
And now by chilling blasts depressed.

Lo! tepid April's sunny hue,
Has glanced across the willow bower,
The daffodil, the violet blue,
And crocus rear'd its golden flower.

Winter's relentless gales depart,
And, reckless of thy swift return,
Soothing the griefs that wound my heart,
I muse beside the hallowed urn.

Come then, sweet lyre! thy plaintive strain
Shall undulate in Sorrow's ear,
Soften the throbbing sense of pain,
And chase the silent-stealing tear.

Ah! no my friend, the tuneful string
Warms not the faded cheek of wo,
'Tis not the simple lore I bring
That checked the tear, or bade it flow.

Yet I have seen a cloudless sky,
And marked the trembling lustre fade,
While recollection's tender sigh
Deepened the chasm time had made.

Saved from the wreck of many a storm
And cheered by Friendship's meek caress,
The stranger—Peace, in *William's* form
Whispered a dream of happiness:

But ere the dew of morning fled,
Ere Hope revived the embryo bloom,
My lacerated bosom bled
Afresh at *William's* tranquil tomb.

E.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The subsequent song was written for an anniversary upon the banks of the Androsc.

PERGRÆCAMINI.

Plautus.

Now bleakly to our shivering pines
November tells his story,
Of fading leaves, and fainting lines,
The hap of Summer glory.
Oh, thus we gild our natal day,
To care alone 'tis treason,
The month of joy is ever May,
For souls are aye in season.

These fallen blooms and wintry hues,
The* star of Autumn tinges,
With yellow like the moonlight dews
That bathe the lime of Indies.
And when the beam of day is dim,
That northern urn shall cheer us,
The bright seducer smiles like him
With blushes sinking near us.

Ye winds, that lay my temples bare,
Your spite a mockery crushes;
'Tis not your fang that *purples* there,
But mantling bliss that flushes!
How sweetly now the boreal lyre
These Runick airs are sweeping;
How bright the tints they lend the fire
In which the lip is steeping.

Where bugles once by Branksome bower
Cheered Teviot's wave benighted,
There's not a gale of sound, or flower
For loves and buds are blighted.
And where the lute through† Maglanvale
In mildest lapses floated,

---

* Pliny.

‡ The sweets of this once charming valley on the banks of the Arva, as you pass to Chamouny and the Glaciers of Savoy, are preserved by M. de Florian.

Those strains in dreams alone they hail
That vesper echoes quoted.
But here, o'er shades and torrent streams
Where raving nightwinds flaunted,
While Science from her crescent beams,
By Hunter spirits haunted——
* On mouldering graves of native bones
We weave a Grecian union,
And English song with Indian groans
Resounds our wild communion.

For me—whatever climes I trace
For life or love a rover,
And whether Fate my hopes deface
Or every pang be over—
And though my head be bald or grey
I'll keep the fête of Reason;
My latest month shall still be May,
When souls are all in season.

—

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The enclosed epigram was accounted elegant by Claudius Minos, a Parisian regius professor of the 16th century. It was written, he said, in the university, and its allusion was to the Greek and Latin languages.

If you like me, as I am young enough (18), and vain enough to hope, you shall hear more of my proceedings.

Fundabat satis Aonias una ancora puppes,
Dum tamen Ausoniis Musa nataret aquis.
Nunc cùm Palladiæ sulcant maria omnia naves,
Visa quod una parùm est ancora, facta duplex.

It was upon the western wave,
When the Pierian banner flew,
The evening tides would love to lave
Its anchor in their deepest blue.

But ranging every azure swell,
And floating under every star,
The seamaids moored their sailor shell
With double drops of coral spar.

H. L.

Bruns. Me.

—

For The Port Folio.

PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

(*Concluded.*)

Where, far remote, some desert Island lies,
Midway in seas, and cursed by wintry skies,
Some shipwrecked mariner perchance now strays
A hapless wanderer, doomed to pass his days
'Midst barren rocks where hideous monsters roar,
And tempests rage forever round the shore;
From mankind banished, he must ever weep,
And curse the fate which saved him from the deep:
Happy, would sweet oblivion prove but kind,
And blot remembrance from his wretched mind:
Oft at the lingering close of cheerless day
Is seen with gloomy eye the parting ray
Of that fair orb which each sad morning rose
To see him weeping o'er his constant woes.
Thro' all the tardy night scenes past arise,
His throbbing bosom heaves with struggling sighs;
Then by his sorrowing mind is seen once more
Those tender objects who his loss deplore;
To his sad view appears the widowed fair
Whom fancy dooms to sorrow and despair;
His friendless children in a hovel die,
Oppressed with care and want; no father nigh!
Those cherub faces which were wont to charm,
And of each harsher thought his soul disarm,
Fresh to his mind in native force appear,
While keener feeling draws the bitter tear.
O worse than death! thou ever vexing power,
When thus thou lov'st to kill from hour to hour;
And He, great tyrant, whom the worldlings fear,
Compared with thee is of all pleasures dear.
But see! the eastern skies illumed with gold,
All nature's charms to wond'ring man unfold;
The blue serene, the wide expanse of waves,
The gilded sea-worn rock which ocean laves,
Sooth each keen sense to momentary ease;
Elate with hope he feels a favouring breeze:
And oh! the bliss when on the farthest verge
Of distant horizon, the faithless surge
Wafts towards his ravished sight a distant sail;
Oh! with what ecstasies he feels the gale
That onward brings the long, long wished for aid,
So long to his unceasing prayers delayed.
Alas! stern Fate, relentless, heeds no sigh;
For see, the unconscious vessel passes by,
With rapid motion leaves the aching sight,
And all is lost in one unbounded night!
Say, who to Dulness' stupid sway consigned,
All pleasing thoughts of happiness resigned?
Reflecting, dwells on scenes enjoyed before,
And not lament those scenes to come no more?
Thus the poor exile from his native home,
By ruthless force, abroad compelled to roam;
Whether from Africk or from Gallia driven,
Sees for his portion nought remain but Heaven:
In foreign countries doomed to beg or toil,
With heart-wrung grief does *this* reflect the while

---

* Συνχεωτιζε τοῖς νεκροῖς, was the Delphick response to the stoick of Cyprus.

On his dear native land, and former ease,
And those loved scenes where all was wont to please:
Whilst *that* with unavailing grief complains,
Of ruined fortunes, and usurped domains.
For such Compassion heaves the sorrowing sigh,
While social tears suffuse soft Pity's eye.
But say, ye grasping avaricious fools,
In whom the love of money only rules;
Who with insatiate wants forever cursed,
Behold the doom of prosp'rous fate reversed;
Say, can you claim of sympathy the meed?
For your distress what pitying heart will bleed?
The proffered boon of competence was nought;
Unbounded wealth your greedy purpose sought,
Yet blessed with all that mortals could implore,
Your narrow, sordid hearts still grasped at more;
Still for superfluous riches spent those hours,
Ordained to exercise far nobler powers—
Now, doomed in poverty your days to close,
And with departed joys contrast impending woes,
Thee! sad Remembrance, we then fly in vain,
By thee reflection brings continuous pain;
Thy constant power the art of man defies,
Times past incessant to his thoughts arise:
Alas! how few th' intrusive view can bear!
How oft excited, starts Contrition's tear!
Yet art thou not to self alone confined;
With other woes th' historian wrings the mind;
'Tis but to seek the thicket's inmost shade,
Possessed of Clio's stores, implore their aid;
Instant we pierce the distant maze of time;
And view the ills of every age and clime;
O then what gloomy objects rise to view!
In the long lapse of time behold how few
The friends of virtue and of good appear,
With casual joy to check the constant tear.
Life's varied scenes delusive seem, and vain,
Producing nought but sorrow, grief and pain;
And this sad truth forever wounds the mind,
That man's most deadly foe is human kind.
In vain the eager eye with ardour pores
O'er classick pages, and the time explores
When Roman virtue and the patriot's pride,
To gods above the human soul allied.
Ages of crime and wretchedness succeed,
The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed,
Whilst monster tyrants in succession show
The sad varieties of human woe;
And long old Rome is seen in sullied state;
Her freedom sacrificed to factious hate.—
Extend our views; regard the Christian world;
The Crescent and the Cross behold unfurl'd;
The red-cross banner waves o'er Europe's land,—
And Christian rage and folly now command:
Still human blood in streams perpetual flow,
The baleful flames of persecution glow,
And Heaven's meek child, Religion, sacred maid,
To deserts flies, and seeks Retirement's shade:
There, with her God, in peace secure remains,
Whilst all the world her sacred name profanes.
The tyrant's pretext, and the impostor's aid;
See for destruction drawn the murderous blade:
In Gallia's land, on Belgium's hapless shore,
Holy fanaticks lavish human gore.
A bigot woman—Britain's lasting shame,
There, points the sword, or blows the cruel flame.
Now warriour monarchs peaceful realms invade,
To gain those laurels which may never fade;
The battle ended, and the millions slain,
Say, is the victor's brow entwined in vain?
Long shall they flourish? Yes, the tyrant's name,
Th' indignant page will damn to lasting fame.—
The bloody thirst of gold contemned the waves,
And ravaged shores the southern ocean laves;
The name of *Cortez* pains the sorrowing mind;
Pizarro's fame to ages goes consigned.—
O wave thy leaden sceptre, gentle sleep!
And give a transient death to those who weep;
Press on the anguished sense Oblivion's hand,
And let forgetfulness be thy command:
Alas! thy Lethean power is tried in vain;
'Tis thine to wound with complicated pain:
For vagrant Fancy that so sweetly roves
On Avon's banks or in the Classick groves,
Combined with Mem'ry, magnifies each wo,
And makes realities more vivid glow;
To each dire image gives terrifick power,
And horrid visions mark the slumbering hour.
O Death! long while invoked, 'tis thou canst save!
And grant asylums in thy friendly grave.

The preceding Poem was principally written prior to the Authour's having seen Mr. Merry's on the same subject, and was occasioned, like his own, by a perusal of Mr. Roger's PLEASURES OF MEMORY. Since it was intended for publication in one of our modern periodical works, where it has appeared, it has undergone some alterations, and a few additions have been made. The attempt is a very limited one for so fruitful a subject, and the Authour hopes some day to see it extensively handled with the real genius of an AKENSIDE or a CAMPBELL.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.